

1990

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Horry County Historical Society

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# The Independent Republic Quarterly

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July 31, 1990

Dear Society Members,

The annual Spring Tour was a success again this year. Society members enjoyed a covered dish lunch at Ocean Lakes Campground followed by talks by John Monroe Holliday, Jack Thompson, Mary Emily Jackson and myself. Later the group of approximately 100 visited sites in the Surfside Beach, Socastee and Burgess communities. Nelson and Mary Emily Jackson hosted the event. They were assisted by Gladys Bellamy and Lacy Hucks.

The Summer meeting of the Society featured a talk by Kim Edwards director of the Horry Cultural Arts Commission followed by a video of Miss Ernestine Little. A highlight of the evening was the presentation of the Ernest Richardson Memorial Award to Lacy Hucks.

The fall meeting of the Society will be held on Monday October 8, 1990 at 7:30 PM at First United Methodist Church in Conway. Dr. Charles Joyner is the scheduled speaker. I look forward to seeing you there.

*Greg Martin*

GKM/trc

Greg Martin



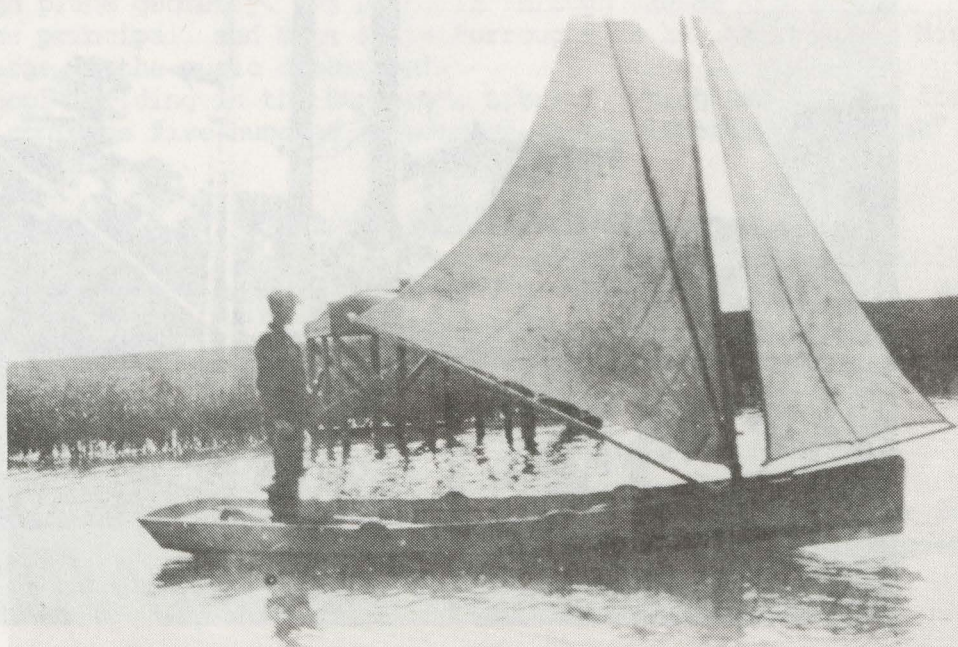
The annual Spring Tour concluded with a ride on the Southern Star.



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An early sail boat at Murrell's Inlet.



## Memories of the Beach - Before Development

by Mary Emily Platt Jackson

A trip south from Myrtle Beach in the early 1930's was quite different than it is today. The King's Highway was recorded as state road #49 and it was just a dirt road with sandy ruts in dry weather and one full of mud puddles in rainy weather. We crossed Withers Swash near the location where the Holiday Inn would be built in the 50s, and drove down to the proposed State Park. The land just south of State Park was owned by the Lewis family from New York state. They had divided the land into different companies. They were Nursery Realty Corp., Greenvale Hills Corp. and Seascope, and part of the land was in the names of F.W. and H.W. Lewis. The Lewis family was experimenting with azaleas and camelias and other plants for their nursery business up in New York state.

The land that was Nursery Realty Corp. is now Long Bay Estates, a nice sub-division where there are many beautiful homes today. The land that was Greenvale Hills Corp. is now Pirateland Campground. There was a stream that ran through that land that we had to drive through, so we had to be careful not to go after a big rain. The land on the ocean side was condemned by the government and taken as part of the air base during World War II. That was later given to the city of Myrtle Beach<sup>and</sup> was that part that was Seascope and the land of F.W. Lewis. Part of this is now Pirateland Campground, part of it is in Lakewood Campground and part of it is in Magic Harbor. The Lewis' still have some land west of the highway.

The next land we came to was the land that my father, V.F. Platt, Sr. had just bought from Ben Townsend who was from Red Springs, North Carolina. South of his land was a tract of land that belonged to Mr. F.A. Burroughs and just south of that was Floral Beach, now known as Surfside.

This is the area of the south strand that we are interested in today. This area was not developed until the '50s. Mrs Flossie Sarvis Morris told me that her earliest recollection of this area was from the trips she made with her family from the Bucksport community around 1910. They packed the wagon the night before and got up early in the morning to drive the mule to Peachtree Ferry to holler up the ferryman. They put the mule and wagon on the ferry and they would go over to Socastee and on down the Dick Pond Road to the Dick Pond (that is the lake beside our house in Ocean Lakes). The children would play on the beach and the men would seine for fish. Often they would spend the night camping out in the wagon or under the wagon.

There was a fish camp near the Dick Pond where the white folks would camp out for a week to seine for mullet or other fish. They salted down the fish in barrels to eat during the winter. After the white folks took their turn in the fish camp



the black folks came down from Socastee and the Free Woods to seine and get their supply of mullet to salt down for the winter.

Cattle roamed the beach for there was no fence law. They ate whatever they could find, so there was not much vegetation growing in the sand. She told me she remembered the Ark at Floral Beach. She thinks that land belonged to the Tillman family, and that at one time the land that is now Ocean Lakes belonged to Mr. Van Turbeville, who was the grand-father of Erma Turbeville Causey. Mr. Turbeville had a sawmill and he bought land to cut the timber. After he cut the timber he would sell the land. Mrs. Flossie also told me that Bob Chestnut's father, Mr. Jim Chestnut, ran the store at Floral Beach for the Holliday family.

I went to see Bob Chestnut. He and his wife, Catherine, managed Pebble Beach Campground before Hugo washed over it. Bob and his sister, Louise Squires, whose husband was Ansel Squires, told me some wonderful stories about Floral Beach. Mr. Jim Chestnut moved them to Floral Beach in 1924. They lived in the store building in the summertime and then they lived in the Ark in the winter. There was a pavilion as big as the old pavilion in Myrtle Beach with a bath house downstairs and a big room upstairs where people could dance. They had a delco system for electricity and artesian wells for water. The Hollidays brought two sawmills to cut timber to build houses. They added rooms to the Ark to make it a hotel.

Mrs. Holliday's house had five bedrooms and some of the other cottages had only three bedrooms. The Ark was back on a high sand dune near Willow and 3rd Ave. South. The oak trees are still standing, but the hotel was carried away a board at a time by the people who lived near there to build other houses. The same thing happened to the pavilion. The Hollidays sold the land to the Caldwell Co. in Columbia. They sold lots for \$35 and soon went into bankruptcy. The land lay idle until 1952 when Buster (G.W.) Bryan, James Calhoun, Craig Wall, Sr., Dr. Leon Bryan and Mr. Jamie Nettles and Collins Spivey bought it.

Bob Chestnut showed me the location of a slave graveyard between Hollywood and Cedar on the south side of Surfside. This is grown over in trees today.

Now to tell you more about the land my father had bought.--- My father, Vivian Francis Platt, was a pharmacist who was born in Charlotte, N.C. After his mother, Emily Hooper Platt died when he was four year old, his father, James Lee Platt, moved to Mullins, S.C. where he bought the Mullins Enterprise. This was a weekly newspaper that he ran until his death in 1946. My father was not interested in the newspaper. He came to Myrtle Beach to work on the soda fountain and snack bar at the Pavilion in the summer of 1913. He met my mother, Mary Cornelia Dusenbury, there. In fact she pulled him out of an undertow one day while they were swimming. She saved his life and they fell in love. They were married in October 1915 after he finished his



pharmacy training at the Medical College at Charleston. Dad worked for Dr. Norton at Norton's Drug Store on Main Street in Conway for several years until he was able to work out an arrangement to buy the drug store from Dr. Norton. Platt's Pharmacy kept his name until it was sold to the frame shop in that same location on Main Street in Conway three years ago.

V.F.Platt started buying land in Georgetown County in the mid-twenties. He bought The Oaks Plantation and the land that is now North Litchfield. Later he traded most of that land for almost one-thousand acres in Murrells Inlet. This was a section of land where Wayside, Murrells Inlet Seafood and Morse's Restaurants are now located on the creek and it went inland to the by-pass road. Soon after he bought this land he attempted to cut it up in lots. He held an auction to sell it and "get rich". He was soon disillusioned when the auction did not go so well, and he learned the cost of developing the lots ate up the profit.

In 1930 V.F. Platt worked out a swap of the land he had left in Murrells Inlet with more money added to that and he acquired one-thousand acres with 5,355 feet on the ocean and heavily wooded land that stretched back toward Socastee from Ben Townsend from Red Springs, N.C. This land was his dream of a place to hunt deer, wild turkey and ducks for there were three lakes near the ocean. There were three log houses and a small house where Andrew Johnson and his wife, Louise and their children, Zeke, Mark and Daisy lived. This was a black family who were care-takers for years until Andrew got "the dropsy" and died. They had a garden and a mule and a cow and chickens and all the fish they could catch.

There was a spring that bubbled up through the white sand that fascinated Dr. Platt. He had the water analyzed to be sure it was safe to drink and learned that it had an abundant supply of minerals that were beneficial for good health. It was lower in flourides than the water at Conway and Myrtle Beach. Soon that was the only water we drank, and years later he set up a bottling plant and sold the water.

Dr. Platt organized a hunting club that met once a week in deer season to hunt. Louise cooked breakfast and lunch for the club. Her special dish was fish stew. I remember many family gatherings when Daddy Platt and Grandmother would come from Mullins with Uncle Charlie and Aunt Elizabeth (Platt) and we would camp in the log cabin hunting lodge so the men could go out before day to hunt. They would sit around the fireplace at night and tell stories and watch the embers burn low while we roasted in front and froze in back because the room had no other heat.

Later Dad was able to acquire more land that joined his land. He swapped our house at Myrtle Beach that was just north of the old Patricia Manor for land west and north of the Lewis tract that extended to what is now the air base. He bought farms from F.A. Burroughs, Ben Townsend (Known as Mrs. Edgar Stalvey tract), Myrtle Beach Farms Co. (the Bet Brown tract), W.F. Henderson (Duncan farm), Southern Kraft



Corp. (Hucks land) and land that had belonged to E.B. Vereen and Van Turbeville. He sold the timber off these farms to pay for the land. He negotiated with Mr. Grevor in Columbia to buy the bankrupt Floral Beach property, but he lost out on the ocean front property, but he was able to buy 900 acres west of the King's Highway. At the time of Dad's death in April of 1960 he owned approximately 4,800 acres.

After my father swapped our Myrtle Beach house for land, we fixed up one of the log houses on the beach for our summer home in 1935. We moved down from Conway every summer because it was so much cooler. That ocean breeze made up for the inconvenience of having no electricity. We had running water from an artesian well, and we had a septic tank for sewage. Mother cooked on a wood-burning stove and the ice man brought ice twice a week. We had a wind-up Victrola for our music and a battery radio and we managed to enjoy life. There were no houses between us and State Park to the north on the beach and Floral Beach to the south. We went swimming, crabbing with bait tied on a string and a net, fishing with a cane pole, hook and worm in the lakes or with a seine in the ocean. There was plenty of time to read and make sand castles and to dam up the lake that over-flowed into the ocean.

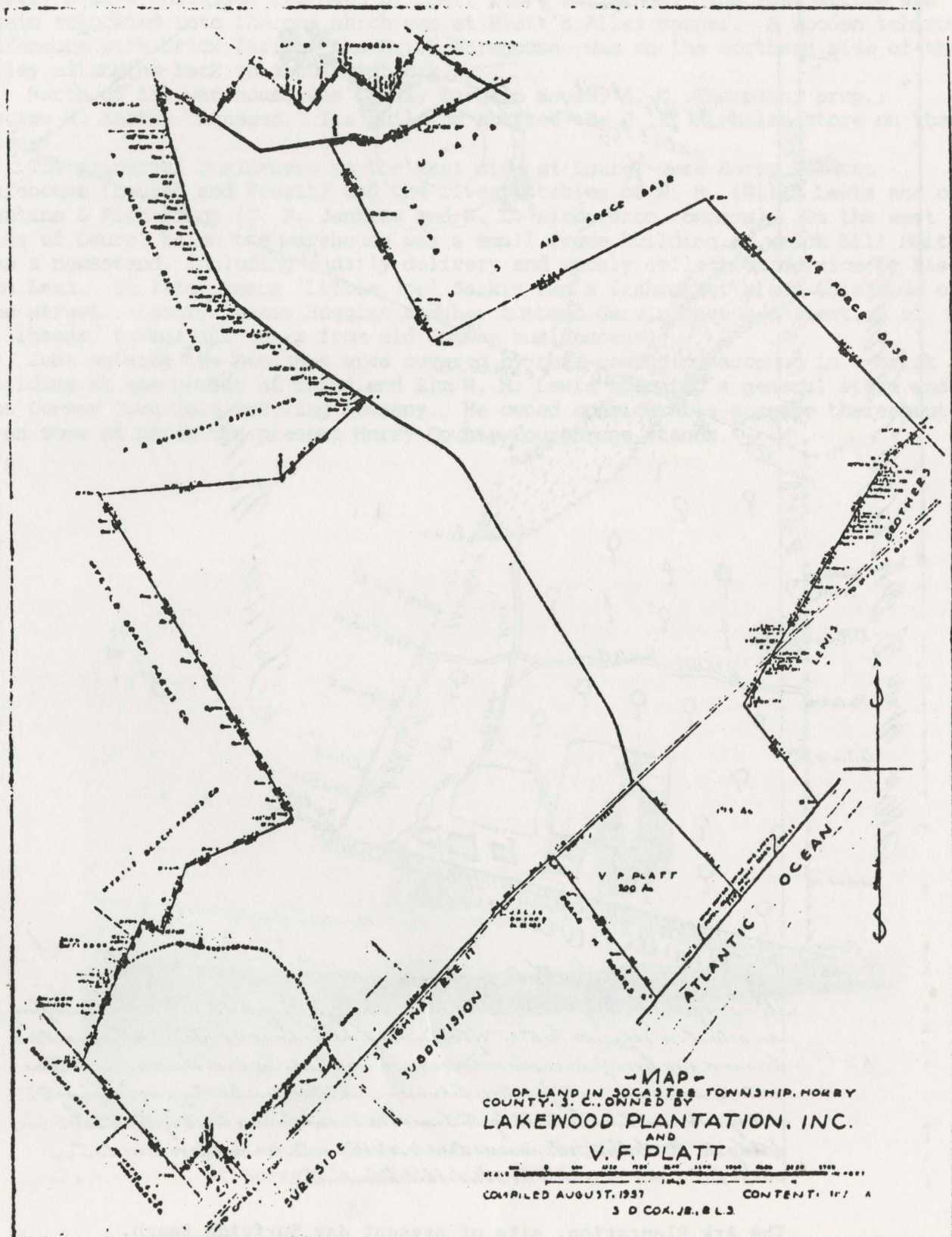
When World War II came along, the government condemned some of the back lands for the air base. Part of that is where the Capehart housing is built on the base and part of that is now owned by Clemson University. Then they leased all the other land for the planes to practice their war games. They used our log house to paint targets. These targets were set up all along the sand dunes from State Park to the Point of Garden City. Air planes would practice firing machine guns at these targets. After the war we picked up machine gun shells like tourists pick up seashells off the beach. No one would buy the timber east of the King's Highway because all the pine trees near the ocean were full of bullets, and they would rip the blades off the sawmill.

After the war my parents built a nice brick house where the log house had stood. This time we had electricity and all modern conveniences. This house lasted only seven years, because Hurricane Hazel washed through it and ruined all but two rooms. Mother dug her silver flat-ware out of the sand, and when the campground was built they dug up the top of a silver vegetable dish that was buried four feet in the sand and it was not tarnished. A crystal bowl floated off the top of the china cabinet in the dining room and landed in a corner of the back porch twenty-five feet away without a scratch. When they built again they selected the highest point near the beach and placed their house on the sand dune just like our split-level house in the mountains.

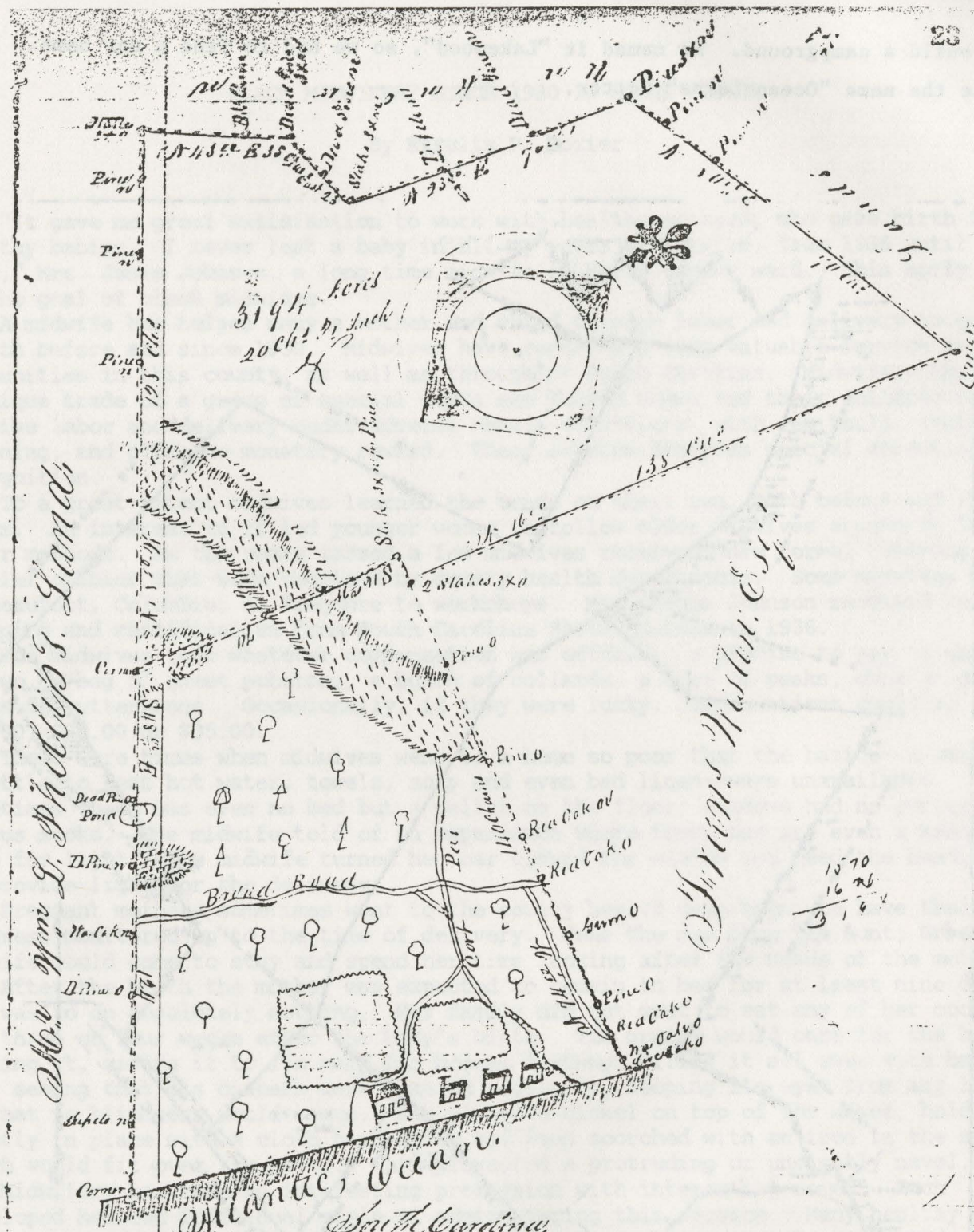
My father named this place "Lakewood Plantation". That is why there are so many things near here named "Lakewood". My brother sold Carl Perry thirty acres



to build a campground. He named it "Lakewood", so we had to find a new name. I like the name "Ocean Lakes" better.







How Mrs. L. Phillips' Land

How Mrs. L. Phillips' Land

1570  
1670  
3140

Atlantic Ocean

At the request of Mr. John McMillan have been made a tract of land and from an actual survey made the 4<sup>th</sup> & 5<sup>th</sup> of Feb. 1838 find the same to contain One thousand three hundred and twenty four acres which lines are shaded Red the lines shaded Blue contain One thousand and twenty four acres taken up for Mr. McMillan's planting and breeding to wit the 1<sup>st</sup> by unknown Land to the 2<sup>d</sup> by Mr. James M. McKim's Land and the 3<sup>d</sup> by the Mr. John C. McKim's Land to the 4<sup>th</sup> by Mr. L. Phillips' Land said tract is situated on the eastern side of the Atlantic Ocean and more or less as the above plot represents

The Ark Plantation, site of present day Surfside Beach.



### The Ark Plantation

"The Ark Plantation" (also referred to as "Arke Plantation" and "Ark Plantation") was the home of John M. Tillman. The plantation consisted of approximately 3,200 acres of land and covered much of what is now Surfside Beach.

There are no records in Horry County of a deed for the property into John Tillman. It is possible that the Tillman family received a royal grant for the property prior to the American Revolution. If there was a royal grant a record of this is in Charleston. If Tillman acquired the land between the revolution and 1801 a deed was likely recorded in Georgetown since what is now Horry County was during that time a part of Georgetown District. Any deed recorded there was sent to Columbia during the war between the states and destroyed by Sherman's troops when Columbia was burned.

The first evidence of Tillman living in what is now Surfside Beach is from the Robert Mills Atlas of 1820. There is also a survey of John Tillman's plantation recorded in Horry County which is marked a resurvey of an 1838 map. This map indicates a total of 3,194 acres stretching from the Atlantic Ocean about three miles inland and with about one and one-half miles on the ocean front. This map shows the plantation house, several outbuildings and cleared fields. The home stood until the middle part of this century.

According to an article by John Thomas in the fall of 1982 IRQ John Tillman owned fifty-seven slaves in 1850. His main crop was sweet potatoes and he produced 3,000 bushels annually. One hundred



ninety acres were used for the production of rice.

John Tillman's will recorded in the Probate Court for Horry County reveals some interesting things about him. At the time Tillman's will was written in 1854 he apparently had no wife or children nor did he at his death in 1865. Mr. Tillman was apparently quite affluent since he listed gifts of money, land and slaves to his brothers, sisters, nephews and nieces in his will. When Tillman died in 1865 the War had apparently taken its toll since his personal property was valued at about \$2,000.00. No value was placed on his real estate.

The inventory of The Ark Plantation conducted in 1866 gives insight into Mr. Tillman. The inventory included two double barrel guns valued at \$15.00, a lot of chairs and tables, and a clock valued at \$30.00, a crockery and two dozen silver pieces valued at \$25.00, a shaving case and razors valued at \$3.00, and one lot of books (old) valued at \$10.00. The inventory states the house had two large rooms upstairs and two downstairs.

After Tillman's death the family divided The Ark and eventually it was developed. It was renamed first Roaches Beach, then Floral Beach and later Surfside Beach. It has been written that the old plantation home was named The Ark because it survived the great hurricane of 1893, however, this is not true since it was referred to as "Arke Plantation" in the inventory of Tillman's estate compiled in 1867.

by Greg Martin



## HOW I REMEMBER IT

Written August 1980

by Louise Chestnut Squires

Fifty-five years [1925--ed.] a little girl of nine years gazed for the first time on the Atlantic Ocean. The place was Floral Beach, SC. It is now called Surfside Beach and the little girl was me.

I had been told that I could not see across the ocean, but knowing I had excellent vision, somehow I did not believe that a body of water could be so wide. Needless to say, I didn't see a thing on the other side!

As I stood with the soft sand squashing through my toes and stared, I was awed and humbled at the magnificent sight. The fresh exhilarating air whipped my hair across my face and seagulls swooped down for a tidbit from the sea. I completely fell in love with what was going to be my home for several years. The happiest and most carefree memories of my life are centered there.

My dad, James D. Chestnut, was an employee of George J. Holliday. We lived in the small town of Aynor, SC. Since my dad was a widower with three children (two boys, James and Robert, and one girl Louise, which is me), I suppose Mr. Holliday gave the job as caretaker of Floral Beach to him because no woman in her right mind would have wanted to live in a wilderness such as Floral Beach was at that time.

Before Mr. Holliday bought it, this beach was called Roaches Beach, but he renamed it after his wife, Flora Holliday.

My brothers and I were boarded out in Aynor during the school term, but spent the summer at the beach. My day spent the winters by himself. We would be so happy to be together again.

This all changed when my oldest brother, James, became old enough to drive a car. My dad purchased a Model T and we went to Socastee School, seven miles away. The Dick Pond (now) was the route we took, except then it was a two-rutted road with many bumps and curves. When it was rainy it had many places that were nearly impassable. Often we got bogged down and many times we would miss our first class. My brother's class was arithmetic and it seemed that he could get the car out better after he knew that class was over!

We would look forward to getting home after school because my dad would have a nice hot meal waiting for us. He was a Navy cook in his younger days.

Sometimes he would have us meet him down at Peachtree Landing after school. There he would have a pan of fresh water fish that he had caught earlier ready to fry for us on the river bank. We enjoyed watching the cars and wagons come across the river on the hand operated ferry.

In the birth of a new beach a sawmill was set up to cut timber for houses and a store was built where one could buy anything from thread to blocks of ice. The store was built on present Surfside Drive about four blocks from the ocean. Rooms were built on the back of the store for our living quarters in summer.

In the winter we moved into the old hotel which was located behind the huge sand dune that ran at that time from up at Lakewood Family Camp Ground down to what is now Garden City Beach. Over the years the dune has been leveled.

The Hotel, which was called "The Ark", was built years before and was left standing after the great storm of 1893. In fact, there were places chopped



out in the floor of the lobby to let water run out. This was done by fishermen who were on the beach and saw the tidal wave coming. It swept over the beach. They escaped by running to the hotel. This building, which had once been the plantation house on the Ark Plantation, was the only building left standing after the storm.

Twenty new rooms were built on the top story of the old home. During the summer, when it was in operation, people would come to stay there and they would enjoy sitting on the huge front and side porches with the live oaks surrounding it, with moss waving gently, and fox squirrels playing hide and seek in the branches.

The aroma of delicious seafood being prepared in the kitchen enhanced the atmosphere and many took sly glances at watches to check mealtime.

The site of the hotel is on 3rd Ave. South where some of the old oaks still stand. Our family moved into it in the winter because it was so much warmer there. It was quite a change from living in two rooms in the summer and then having twenty bedrooms to pick from in the winter! The room we stayed in mostly was the kitchen, a huge room with a wood range that kept us cozy.

My dad hired a colored woman named Dianah Majors to stay with us. We called her "Missy", she called me "Weese", James was "Jeems", and Robert was "Rabb". She adopted us as her "white chilluns". It was a friendship that lasted until her death in the sixties. Our children became her "white gran-chilluns". We loved her dearly.

This place was an unspoiled wilderness. Deer were plentiful. My dad could go out with one of his hound dogs and in a short time return with a deer. He and my brothers could go out in the afternoon and bag a couple dozen quail or doves. Whatever our appetite called for. In the fall I've followed my dad up and down to the lakes nestled behind the sand dunes and, lying flat on my belly, look over the top and see hundreds of wild ducks swimming around unaware of danger. We would carry home as many as we needed.

Old Uncle Sabe Rutledge who lived in what was called the "Free Woods" (present Glenn's Bay Road leads to that black settlement) ran the fishery which was located where the pier now stands. I rode in the boat sometimes when the crew went out to make a haul. The crew used large oars to paddle the boat in a semi-circle. The net was laid out as they made the run. People on the beach would get both ends of the net and drag it in onto the beach. It was so exciting to me to explore the strange things that came in with the fish.

People came with wagons, boxes and barrels to buy fish to salt down. Many campfires were built to fry fresh fish and roast sweet potatoes in hot sand close to the fire. The aroma would tantalize you real fast!

There were no houses or anything but myrtle bushes from Floral Beach to what is now The Point. There were no bridges over the Inlet going into Garden City. In the late fall Missy would hitch the mule to the wagon and my brothers and I would ride with her down to what is now Garden City Beach. We gathered oysters and clams which had never heard of pollution and head home with anticipation of either delicious golden fried oysters, bubbly hot oyster stew, or clam chowder.

Believe it or not, a pavilion was built about two blocks below where the pier stands now. The bathhouse was on the bottom or ground floor, and upstairs was a large open air floor with a grand view all around. An orchestra was hired for the summer months and that is where I saw and learned



to do the "Charleston". "Carolina Moon" became a popular new tune. I looked forward to the summer because I would see friends of the summer before and make new ones.

I remember the Ed Page family from Aynor. When twelve children emerged from a long old touring car, that was something to remember! O, how I loved to see them!

In those days we didn't see rods and reels like you do now, so the cane pole was the thing to use. One day, some ladies and children, including myself, using cane poles with long lines, waded out as far as we could go and cast our lines out. We must have been casting out into a school of fish because immediately we would have a fish on our line. We filled our buckets, but were exhausted walking in and out of the surf. I still love to fish.

Uncle Benny Vereen from Murrells Inlet used to come with his foxhounds on beautiful moonlight nights and we would stand outside in the cool night air and listen to the chorus of hounds hot on the chase after a fox. Foxes were plentiful, as were bobcats, otters, skunks, fox squirrels, gray squirrels, opossums, coons, and something we had to be on the lookout for, rattlesnakes.

As a child, I attended my first funeral at an old cemetery for blacks still located at Surfside Beach. A colored woman, Louise Rutledge, died and I remember everyone was on foot, following behind a mule and wagon, which was carrying the wooden box. We were on a little narrow winding road with trees forming a canopy overhead. Everything was still and quiet, even the birds were silent. It seemed so sad to me.

The cemetery is no longer in use; the old wooden markers are long gone. Several years ago some kids found a skull there, not knowing they were playing in a cemetery.

Sometimes on Sunday my dad, brothers and I would get in the Model T and ride down to see Dr. Ward Flagg who lived near Brookgreen Gardens. He and a huge light skinned manservant, Tom Duncan, lived there. The small wooden framed house had a kitchen built off from the house. Tom cooked for the doctor in a fireplace with hanging pots.

Dr. Flagg's parents were washed out to sea during the storm of '93. They lived on Magnolia (now Litchfield) Beach. Dr. Ward Flagg told my dad that his daddy had reprimanded him about a girl in his youth and he'd never gone with one since.

If the weather was warm enough, Dr. Flagg would be sitting out under the oaks on a bench, with the squirrels coming up to him arms length and the birds feeding close by. The nearest that I can describe him would be Rip Van Winkle. His white hair flowed down on his shoulders and his white beard draped on his chest. He was a gentle person and I loved to sit on the floor or ground and listen to the wonderful tales he told us. He gave me my first watch. He would tell a tale about people asking him about getting lonely. He would point at a door off from his small office and ask them to go in and meet his companion of many years. It turned out to be a skeleton hanging from the ceiling. Of course, the visitor would be shocked and jump back, which caused him to roar with laughter.

The first time I saw the place which is now Brookgreen Gardens, my dad and I fought our way through briars and bushes. We saw the dog cemetery, the old kitchen, and the ghosts of yesteryear lingered very close. No statues were there then, but the massive oaks and moss are still the same today. Dr. Flagg told us that a Mr. Huntington from up north was looking at this old plantation then, and was thinking about making a show place for people to come and enjoy.



Now millions of tourists have been there.

The journey to Dr. Flagg's or to Myrtle Beach seemed lots farther than it does today. Highway 17 was a two rutted road with trees overlapping overhead most of the way like a tunnel. It was not unusual for a deer to cross the road in front of you, or a fox to dart out.

Where Ocean Lakes Campground is now was a thick wooded area then. There was a club house made of logs which belonged to Dr. Francis Platt. A colored man by the name of Andrew Johnson lived there as caretaker. There was a spring back in the woods from the club house where we would rake leaves out of by hand and drink. It was the best water you ever tasted. Dr. Platt after many years bottled the water and sold it as mineral water.

Down at Murrells Inlet the popular place to eat was Olivers Lodge. In fact there wasn't any other place. At that time the food was served family style, all you could eat for fifty cents. How times have changed, but you can still eat at Olivers Lodge today.

The Eason's store at Murrells Inlet, which was torn down to make way for the second lane on Highway 17, was a place that held some fond memories for me. The present Back Porch Restaurant was the Eason home and across the road in front, closer to the highway, was the store. I would ride there with my father. The store was crammed full of everything imaginable. People gathered there around a potbellied stove, red hot in wintertime, to exchange tales, idea, and money. In fact, the last doll I ever got at Christmas came from there. Its real sad that places like that have to die in the name of progress, but progress can't take the memories away.

In the summer of 1927, the Laidlaws from Marion, NC, came down for two weeks. They rented the Pinner Cottage that was just behind the store. One day I came into the store after staying all morning on the beach and my dad introduced me to a pretty lady by the name of Marguerite Laidlaw. I didn't know it then, but she was going to be my stepmother. She and my dad fell in love and were married August 8, 1928. My brothers and I fell in love with her too!

Most of her family came down for the honeymoon! We were staying in the Holliday Cottage, a summer home that Flora Holliday had planned, so there was plenty of room for everyone. I thought my dad was generous to share his honeymoon with so many, but we sure had a good time.

That fall what we would know now as a hurricane came close by. We couldn't turn on a TV back then to pinpoint it. We had deluges of rain, hard winds and the sea came up over the sand dunes higher than I had ever seen it. We put army blankets around us and headed for the hotel behind the high sand dunes. While we were standing on the porch, a twister touched down close by, twisting off some of the oak limbs and knocking down bricks from the chimney. They rolled down on the roof, making a terrible sound. I was really frightened. It was over in a minute or two.

We put mattresses on the floor and camped there during the night. The next morning the waves were rolling in higher, the wind was stronger, and so my dad thought it would be safer if we moved back farther from the beach. We piled in the Model T with our blankets. James had a sackful of wet puppies, which he wasn't about to leave behind. We headed for Platt's Club House since it was more protected and farther from the ocean and the only place that was near to us. We didn't get any farther than an old cabin on Surfside Drive, about seven blocks from the ocean. The road was covered in water and the bridges were gone, so we would have to ride it out there.



James emptied the puppies out on the floor and in a matter of seconds puppy footprints were all over the dusty floor. In the present day one would think we were avid Clemson fans!

My dad used to look down toward Garden City Point and toward Myrtle Beach and down at us kids and say, "I won't live to see it, but you will. There will be houses from the Point to Myrtle beach someday." That was hard for me to comprehend, but I've live to see it!

#### HORRY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

1967	C. B. Berry
1968	Lacy K. Hucks
1969	C. Foster Smith
1970	E. Allison Farlow
1971	E. R. McIver
1972	E. R. McIver
1973	William H. Long
1974	William H. Long
1975	Gene Anderson
1976	Gene Anderson
1977	Catherine H. Lewis
1978	Catherine H. Lewis
1979	Catherine H. Lewis
1980	G. Rupert Gause
1981	William H. Long
1982	Carlisle Dawsey
1983	Lacy K. Hucks
1984	Mary Emily Platt Jackson
1985	Miriam Tucker
1986	Bruce chestnut
1987	Ben Burroughs
1988	Greg Martin
1989	David B. Smith
1990	Greg Martin

#### EDITORS

Florence Theodora Epps	1967-1972
John P. Cartrette	1972-1975
E. R. McIver	1975-1987
Ben Burroughs	1987-

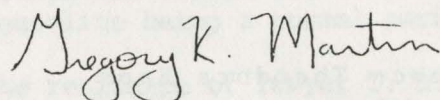


The Ernest Edward Richardson Memorial Award  
Presented to Lacy K. Hucks  
For Exceptional Service to  
The Horry County Historical Society  
July 9, 1990

In 1975, the Horry County Historical Society established the Ernest Edward Richardson Memorial Award to recognize and honor individuals who have given exceptional service to the Society. Since its creation, this award has been given eleven times. Tonight we add another name to the distinguished list of recipients.

The Board of Directors of the Society recently voted to present the Richardson Award to an individual who has served the society for many years and in many capacities. Among his contributions to the Society are serving as President of the Society in 1968 and in 1983; as a member of the Board of Directors from 1977 to 1979 and again from 1988 to the present; as Chairman of the Publications Committee for the Tricentennial Issue and he is currently District Representative to the South Carolina Confederation of Local Historical Societies.

The Board of Directors of the Society is pleased to present the Ernest Edward Richardson Award to Lacy K. Hucks.



GREGORY K. MARTIN,  
President, Horry County  
Historical Society.



## ERNEST RICHARDSON MEMORIAL AWARD

1st	John P. Cartrette	1975
2nd	William H. Long	1978
3rd	C. B. Berry	1978
4th	Rick McIver	1980
5th	Catherine Lewis	1981
6th	F. A. Green	1982
7th	Alleen Paul Harper	1983
8th	Ernestine H. Little	1984
9th	Eunice McMillan Thomas and Manning Thomas	1986
10th	Annette Reesor	1986
11th	Jewel Long	1988
12th	Lacy K. Hucks	1990



The ERNEST RICHARDSON MEMORIAL AWARD is presented  
to LACY K. HUCKS



## BUSINESSES OF CONWAY FROM WORLD WAR I THROUGH THE EARLY THIRTIES

by Franklin G. Burroughs

[Preliminary note: Several months ago I asked a friend if he would talk with some oldtimer about an item of county history. I was rather shaken when he said, "Franklin, you must remember that WE are oldtimers."

With the revival of downtown Conway and its business buildings it may be appropriate to reflect on some of the earlier business establishments in and near the 'core' of the town--between Fifth and Third Avenues and Main and Laurel Streets--and some of the individuals who operated them.

Because there were changing businesses and tenants through the years between the late 'teens and the early thirties there will be overlapping, confusion and inaccuracies in what follows. For serious research it would have been helpful to go through the old annual business license records of the Town of Conway, but I was not able to locate them, and they have probably been destroyed. Perhaps the errors which crop up in this rambling account will prompt others to more serious study in order to set the record straight.]

Beginning at the southeastern corner of Main Street and Fifth Avenue, and extending down to Kingston Lake was the residence and grounds of Col. D. A. Spivey (the Beaty House, now the Stogner home). Its front yard extended all the way out to Main Street, bordered by hedges embracing a grove of trees, lawn and driveway, which included the present site of the Horry County Museum (once the Conway Post Office building), Horry Land Company (once Horry Land & Improvement Company) and the C & S Bank (the old Peoples National Bank).

The one story building, now occupied by Bob Burroughs Real Estate and others, was put up by Col. Spivey in the 30s (Eastern Sales was one of the original businesses located there) and was an addition to the original buildings of that block. They included:

The Conway Field office and printing presses. This weekly paper was a rival of The Horry Herald and was published for many years by B. St. L. Sommerlyn whose residence was on Kingston Street behind the printing office.

Between the Field and Fourth Avenue were store buildings in which various businesses were operated through the years. Conway's first moving picture show was here, its location being labeled "theatorium" on an old insurance map now in the Horry County Museum. Many years later the second Pastime Theater was opened in this general area. There were other businesses in these buildings through the years, among them a candy kitchen, a Pepsi Cola bottling plant, and McCoy's Grocery. The corner building (Peoples Underwriters today) was Horry Hardware Company, A. W. Barrett, proprietor; M. W. Cook, general manager. The a portion of the building at the corner of Main and Fourth was sliced off to provide a driveway to the gasoline pump, the sale of gasoline being a normal part of the hardware business in those days.

To the rear of the hardware store was the residence of lawyer T. B. Lewis, where, as the county's second Master in Equity, he later had his office.

On the south side of Fourth and the east of Main was the two story building of Spivey Mercantile Company, J. C. Spivey, prop., E. L. Moore, manager, a general mercantile business, including groceries. To the rear of the building, on Fourth, J. C. Spivey had his private office, and further east on Fourth at the edge of the lake were the remains of a turpentine still. The Spivey building has been torn down and three single story shops stand there.



The mercantile business was, of course, on the ground floor, and offices were located upstairs. Through the years there were many different offices and businesses, including Warren Johnson, photographer, and the law offices of J. K. Dorman, S. C. Dusenbury, M. A. Wright and T. B. Lewis. At one time the Horry County Department of Public Welfare, under the capable management of Mrs. Sadie Dusenbury, was headquartered there. Later a beauty parlor occupied that space.

At one time, to the south of the entrance stairway to the upstairs offices, was a small bottled soda and tobacco shop.

Kingston Furniture Company, founded about 1905, Albert and W. M. Goldfinch, proprietors, carried on a general furniture business in the adjoining two story building, with the second floor being increasingly used for the funeral service of the company where coffins were stored and displayed. Goldfinch's, as the funeral business became known, provided hearse and ambulance service for the county. [Personal note: I recall passing the store early one morning and one of the gramophones in the furniture department was blasting out a then popular tune, "I'll Be Glad When You Are Dead, You Rascal You", which seemed in harmony with the upstairs department.]

Adjacent to Kingston Furniture, and in the building which is now a part of Jerry Cox Company, different small businesses were carried on through the years. One of these was Lum Jung's Laundry, the town's only dry cleaning, pressing and laundry establishment, owned and operated by the Chinaman, who had to suffer many racial indignities. The Post Office was housed there in one of its many moves about town and the first Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company (A & P) in Conway opened in the building.

Burroughs & Collins carried on a mercantile, farm factoring, and real estate business in what is now a part of Jerry Cox Company. The mercantile department carried clothing, furniture, groceries, farm equipment and supplies. The Company's crop loan business provided "runs" for independent and tenant farmers and issued tokens (a fairly--or 'unfairly'--common practice at the time), which were redeemable only in merchandise purchased at the 'company store'. Included in the stock of goods were wooden coffins in the upstairs attic for do-it-yourself funerals (no serious competition to Goldfinch).

The general merchandise business was 'spun off' by Burroughs and Collins into Cox-Lundy Company, which later became The Jerry Cox Company, J. B. Cox, president. An addition to the main building, abutting Norman Avenue, housed Burroughs Bank and Trust Company, a state chartered bank later sold to Conway Savings Bank. The building then became the business office of Burroughs and Collins.

Behind the mercantile department in what is now the rear of The Jerry Cox Company Cooper-Smith Wholesale Grocery operated for some years, and further behind the building, across Kingston Street and overhanging Kingston Lake, were segregated public toilets.

Getting back to Main Street: to the south of Norman Avenue in the building now (1990) vacant was Horry Drug Company, Ed Walsh and Marsden Anderson, proprietors. The interior was arranged in a plan common to most drug stores at the time. There were plate glass fronts with a recessed entrance. On one side, near the front, facing on a grouping of tables and chairs, was a soda fountain to provide soft drinks, ice cream, etc. in a social club atmosphere for the patrons. Each drug store generally had its own group of regulars whose hours and orders seldom varied. The counter below the soda fountain held tobacco products, while the remaining counters and wall cabinets or shelves contained patent medicines, cosmetics, etc. The prescription department was partitioned off from the front



portion of the store, with an opening for dispensing medicines. At Horry Drug there was a large stove in the middle of this section, surrounded by chairs and brass spittoons, where a very select group would meet after their regular working house, for the drug stores stayed open much later than other businesses.

Upstairs above the drug store, reached by an outside stairway on Norman Avenue, were the offices of Dr. H. H. Burroughs (who later moved across the street), Dr. Hal B. Holmes and Drs. Archie and Paul Sasser.

Adjacent to Horry Drug was S. P. Hawes Grocery, S. P. Hawes, prop., for many years Conway's leading grocery store, offering credit, orders taken by 'phone and free delivery. Among the grocery boys (very junior clerks) were Bob Burroughs and S. P. Hawes, Jr. The China & Gift Shop and a credit company are now in this location.

To the rear of the drug store and grocery were the livestock stables of Burroughs and Collins Co., Jess Jones, manager. For a short time after World War I there was also a wooden building at the corner of Kingston and Norman where that company ran a flour and grist mill.

Kingston Presbyterian Church, the second oldest building in downtown Conway, was in its present location between Kingston Street and the lake.

At the northeastern corner of Main and Third Avenue was a large two story wooden building owned by W. R. Lewis. On the ground floor was The New York Cafe, Conway's largest restaurant, Jerry and Spiro Benetato, proprietors: hot dogs 5¢, hamburgers 10¢. Rented rooms, mostly used by residents, were upstairs. The wooden building has been replaced by brick with Provident Finance and Vanite' Beauty Salon present tenants.

Across Third Avenue and East of Main, on the corner which is now a parking lot, a department store was once operated by Leon Burroughs, but before 1920 the Building was occupied by Conway Trading Company, H. W. Ambrose, principal stockholder; Pope Watts, manager. This was a general mercantile and grocery store, which was the 'company store' of Conway Lumber Company, of which Mr. Ambrose was managing director. The lumber company made payroll advances to employees in the form of tokens which were redeemable only at Conway Trading.

Below the general store of Conway Trading was a meat market in which the company may have had an interest. it was operated by Dick Bruton, butcher-in-chief. At one time in this general area was a small barber shop operated by colored barbers for white patrons.

About where the Production Credit building is now located, a cobbler shop was run in a small frame building by Bill Kulchyche who was generally called Bill Kaboski because the locals found his real name hard to pronounce. Newspapers in his native language (Polish?) fascinated some customers, who could not, of course, read a word in them.

The Marlowe residence (Marlowe Department Store owner) was the building at the end of the block. The home was remodeled into Nellie's Beauty Shop.

While not within the business core, strictly speaking, was the law office of C. P. Quattlebaum, a neat wooden building on the south of Third Avenue behind Conway Trading. There were three Quattlebaum residences on Kingston Street below Third, and on the other side, bordering on the lake was the office and plant of Quattlebaum Light and Ice Company, Conway's first electric utility. This is now a part of Kingston Presbyterian Fellowship and office building and parking lot.

Back on Main Street on the western side at the corner of Fifth Avenue were the brick building and burial ground of First Methodist Church. South of that was a rather large lot on which was a large wooden building, the Commercial



Hotel, which probably was out of business before 1920. At one time Palmetto Chevrolet had part of its garage on this site, now used by Doug's Automotive Shop.

In this general area during the 20s H. G. Cushman built the Pastime Theater (much later relocated on the opposite side of Main Street). At the northwest corner of Main and Fourth was a Standard Oil filling station, C. Ben Dusenbury, prop. Downtown Cleaners are there now.

A large two story brick building at the southwest corner of Main and Fourth provided rooms for Kingston Hotel on the upper floor, while on the ground floor at the corner (now a vacant lot) was Peoples National Bank, D. A. Spivey, president, and along the Fourth Avenue side were the offices of Horry Land and Improvement Company, a Spivey corporation, and W. B. King Insurance Agency. An entrance at the western end of the building provided stairway access to the second floor of the hotel.

Still within the same building, on Main Street, was the dry goods and millinery shop of Mrs. Julia Causey. After it went out of business, a barber shop was run at this location for many years first by A. B. Causey and later by James Terry. Archie's Shoe Repair is in this location now.

The Hotel lobby opened onto Main Street and was sheltered by an entrance portico extending across the paved sidewalk to the unpaved Main Street. This structure, resting on cast iron pipe supports, had a flat upper deck which served as a porch for upstairs roomers. During seasonable weather chairs were provided for the use of hotel guests on the sidewalk below.

South of the hotel entrance was a small storefront space, once used for a barber shop, but later Western Union Telegraph Company had its office there for many years. The old Holiday Theatre building is on some of the Kingston Hotel land.

S. T. Sessions and Sons, men's clothiers, was in the next building (later Darden's Jewelry, now Darden's Retail Management). Not only were ready made men's suits available there, but materials and patterns for custom tailored wear were offered, measurements taken and sent to national tailors for the making. After their father's death the sons ran the business for many years until it was sold to John S. Gore, who continued this type of establishment.

Adjoining the Sessions building was the Woodward building, housing the law office of H. H. Woodward and The Horry Herald, the county's leading newspaper, H. H. Woodward, editor and publisher. Its presses also served another Woodward enterprise, Conway Publishing Company, which did custom printing, including Timesaver Legal Forms, designed and drafted by Mr. Woodward, an aptly named boon to the legal profession of Horry and adjoining counties.

The rather small law and editorial office and reception room was located on the ground floor, partitioned from the printing presses, while the law library and files were on the second floor, up an inside stairway, affording complete privacy for Woodward's legal and editorial work, as well as records and management of his extensive real estate holdings.

The store building below the Woodward building was once used as a general grocery store by M. W. Collins, but later was used as a ladies' clothing and accessories store, the Quality Shop, the name still used.

Next was the entranceway to the stairs leading to the offices over Platt's Pharmacy. Among the professional people who had quarters there at various times were Drs. H. H. Burroughs, J. S. Dusenbury, J. A. Norton and J. K. Stalvey. J. O. Norton, the county's first Master in Equity had his office there until he moved to the Buck Building in the 30s.



At the present location of Waccamaw Gallery & Frames, Platt's Pharmacy (formerly Norton Drug Company), V. F. Platt, prop., faced Main Street down to the alley about midblock leading from Main to Laurel. The front and interior arrangement of Platt's was generally the same as Conway's other two drugstores, but the soda fountain tables were of heavy metal with swing-out seats attached and had glass case tops in which were displayed cosmetics, etc.

Curb service of soft drinks and ice cream was an amenity offered by all the drug stores, but was a specialty at Platt's. Horry Drug across the street was at a slight disadvantage in this field because the railroad ran closer to its side of Main Street, sometimes making parking hazardous. As a drawing card during World Series time before radios were commonplace, Platt's had a scoreboard chalked on the plate glass window at the entrance. As reports came in over the wire at the end of each inning, they were rushed from Western Union to Platt's and posted.

Air conditioning was unknown in Conway before the mid-thirties, and the stores were cooled by ceiling fans of the type which enjoyed a renaissance in the 80s. A large fan of this kind was over the entrance of the drug stores to deter flies and other insects.

Conway Hardware Company, J. W. Taylor, prop., was located south of the alley. The ground floor was the hardware store with a wooden warehouse at the rear in which building supplies and heavier items were stored. Mr. Taylor, who had lost a leg when a comparatively young man and walked with the aid of crutches, was usually to be found in a very sturdy straight chair at the front of the store. The heavy arms and seat of the chair bore many scars and initials from pickets knives tested there. Kingston Office Supply now is located in the Conway Hardware building.

In spite of the loss of his leg Mr. Taylor was an avid and expert hunter and fisherman. Consequently the store was a favorite meeting place for those of like mind (but usually of less expertise). Ike Long was the chief clerk, joined by Mr. Cook after Horry Hardware closed, and Jim Long was the office man.

A number of offices were above the store, reached by an outside stairway located along the alley wall. At one time there was a meeting or social hall on this second floor, and for some years it was used by Hut Bible Class until the then new Methodist Church was built and the class moved to the old brick building. Later the entire second floor was divided into office spaces. Among the tenants were D. W. Green, M.D., J. T. Rutledge, dentist, Godwin & Thomas and E. S. Baker, lawyers. In the storefront space below the hardware there was at one time a jewelry store, but for many years a fruit, short order, and newspaper stand was run by Nick Simon. It featured a peanut roasting wagon parked on the sidewalk. Conway National Bank, W. A. Freeman, President; A. K. Goldfinch, Cashier, was for some years actually two banks. Conway National Bank, a federally chartered corporation, was business oriented, and Conway Savings Bank was a state bank, handling home, farm and crop loans, most of its deposits being passbook savings accounts. The state bank later merged into Conway National. The interior of the bank was somewhat similar to the present one, except that the counter was topped by metal latticework with small openings at each teller's cage. (This was also the decor at Peoples National.) There was a partition across the interior, about midway the building, screening the bank vault, records, etc. The entrance to the bank was near the south wall of the building, and the president's office just across the lobby on the north side. When not engaged in transacting business, Mr. Freeman was usually to be found in a heavy rocking chair near the front door.



Although of slightly different height the entire facade of Conway Hardware and Conway National gave the appearance of a single building of grey brick which looked like stone, with plate glass windows on the ground floor and tastefully designed windows in the upstairs offices facing the street. Unfortunately the bank's front windows were closed and a stone front replaced part of them in remodeling. The two principal entrances were at either end of the buildings and a further sense of symmetry was provided by Mr. Taylor at one end in his straight chair and Mr. Freeman at the other in his rocker. Mr. Freeman was also an ardent and expert hunter and fisherman, mostly quail in the former category--one in which Mr. Taylor could not participate because of the walking.

Conway Drug Company, Col. Chas. J. Epps (a Spanish American War veteran), owner, stood next to the bank, although there was a small entrance and hallway between the two which led to an office at one time used by Dr. Dusenbury. The standard interior design prevailed, although the soda fountain was more modest and the focus was on prescriptions. Conway Glass Works and Shirley's Jewelers occupy the site at present.

The two story Buck Building, adjacent to Conway Drug, was at the northwest corner of Main and Third. There was a wide stairway entrance inside the north wall (now closed) which led to upstairs offices. One of the early occupants of the ground floor store building was Nissen-Todd Department Store, dealing in ladies' and gentlemen's clothing and shoes. After Mr. Nissen retired the business was continued by Mr. Todd, who ran it principally as a shoe store. He also had an interest in the ladies' shop next door to Platt's.

Among the tenants of the upstairs offices were Sherwood & McMillan, attorneys, J. O. Norton, G. L. Ford, S. C. Dusenbury, and L. D. Causey, all lawyers.

Across Third Avenue stood Conway City Hall in its present location. Although there have been some additions to the original Robert Mills design, the building is essentially unchanged.

The one story Scarborough building on the north side of the alleyway leading from Main to Laurel was used by members of that family. Charles R. Scarborough had his office in the front of the building. At one time he handled Federal Land Bank and Crop Production loans.

Conway Telephone Company, a family corporation, was in the middle of the building. The 'central' office under the management of Miss Anna Oliver saw the transition from cranked phones to the pick-up-the-receiver-and-ask-for-the-number models.

Col. R. B. Scarborough, nearing retirement, had a small law office in the building and Dr. H. H. Scarborough had his office there.

Below the alley was the county (later town) jail. It was remodeled into the Grace Hotel by Mr. H. H. Woodard, who named it for his wife. It was Conway's finest, the first three story building in town and sported a passenger elevator as well as stairs. The lobby and dining room floors were of mosaic tile and all ceilings of pressed tin in a decorative pattern. The hotel was run by various lessees, among them Jack Griffin, Ernest Sasser and Herbert Graham. It was razed in the 70s to create a city parking lot.

The McKeithan residence, a handsome old two story house was to the south of the hotel. In a small wooden building at the corner of what is now the somewhat erratic course of Second Avenue, Mr. McKeithan ran the Railway Express Agency, conveniently close to the ACL passenger and freight depot. Deliveries were made by horse drawn van.



At the southern end of Main Street, which was then unpaved, was the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad depot. Until about 1926 the railroad from Chadbourn, NC (where Conway rail passengers had to go to connect with the Wilmington-Columbia line) angled into Main Street on the eastern side from about midway between Fifth and Sixth Avenues and ran down the street, slightly left of center, to the passenger-freight station and railroad yard, connecting with the Conway, Coast and Western (i.e., Myrtle Beach-Aynor) line. A Railway Post Office was a feature of the baggage car on passenger trains, and it was fairly common practice for business people along Main Street to run alongside and hand letters up to the mail clerk as the train left town.

There were few commercial buildings on Fourth between Main and Laurel before the thirties. On the north side of Fourth was the corner filling station, and farther to the west, Conway Motor Company, an automobile dealership (Chevrolet) and garage, put up by Mr. H. G. Cushman, who was responsible for much of the development of this part of the business section. There was also a repair shop between the Chevrolet place and the filling station. Mr. Woodward owned the land and later put up a two story building into which Palmetto Chevrolet had its office and sales room (usually one car on display) downstairs. Two early occupants of the upstairs were S. D. Cox, surveyor, and L. D. Causey, lawyer.

Until the 30s there were only two brick buildings on the south side of Fourth: The Kingston Hotel building and a brick building at the Laurel Street corner where J. E. Nicholas ran a general store. That building was torn down in later years and a three story one put up by the Thompsons. The first downstairs tenant was Maxie Goldstein, clothier. Mr. F. A. Thompson had his law office on the second floor.

On the north side of Third Avenue were a number of buildings in which various business were carried on through the years. Among these (and without trying to pinpoint the location) were the grocery store and bicycle shop of S. P. Hawes before he moved to Main Street; The Racket Store, a forerunner of today's discounts; Marlow's Department Store, clothing; W. B. Hyman's Grocery; Hardy & Johnson, butchers, succeeded by Dick Bruton's Blue Front Market and later Hendrick's Market; W. B. Chestnut & Co., W. B. and Joe Chestnut, proprietors (memorable to the writer as the first place in town to sell draft beer after repeal); The Conway Post Office, in another one of its moves; a jewelry store (J. E. Dawsey?); a millinery shop; Farmers & Merchants Bank (which 'went busted' before the depression of the 30s); and, on the Laurel Street corner, One Price Shoe Store, Marvin Floyd and D. G. Spivey, props.

One feature on the south side of Third was a horse trough alongside the City Hall Building. The original wooden trough was replaced by a circular cast iron fountain, purchased from the Charleston Exposition after its closing. Artesian water from underground strata flowed through pipes with holes in the tops and into the bowl of the fountain so man and beast could slake their thirst there.

To the west of City Hall was a wooden frame building, once a residence, in which Mrs. Jennie Sarkis and her husband, Joe, had a cafe'. In dove season, before daylight, hunters would gather for a hearty breakfast of grits, eggs, link sausage and coffee before leaving for the field and returning to town for the day's work.

Between Miss Jennie's and Laurel was the metal and brick building of Farm Implement Company (J. H. Marsh and H. L. Buck, incorporators) which carried a general stock of hardware also. Mr. Buck afterwards sold his interest to J. G. Lewis.



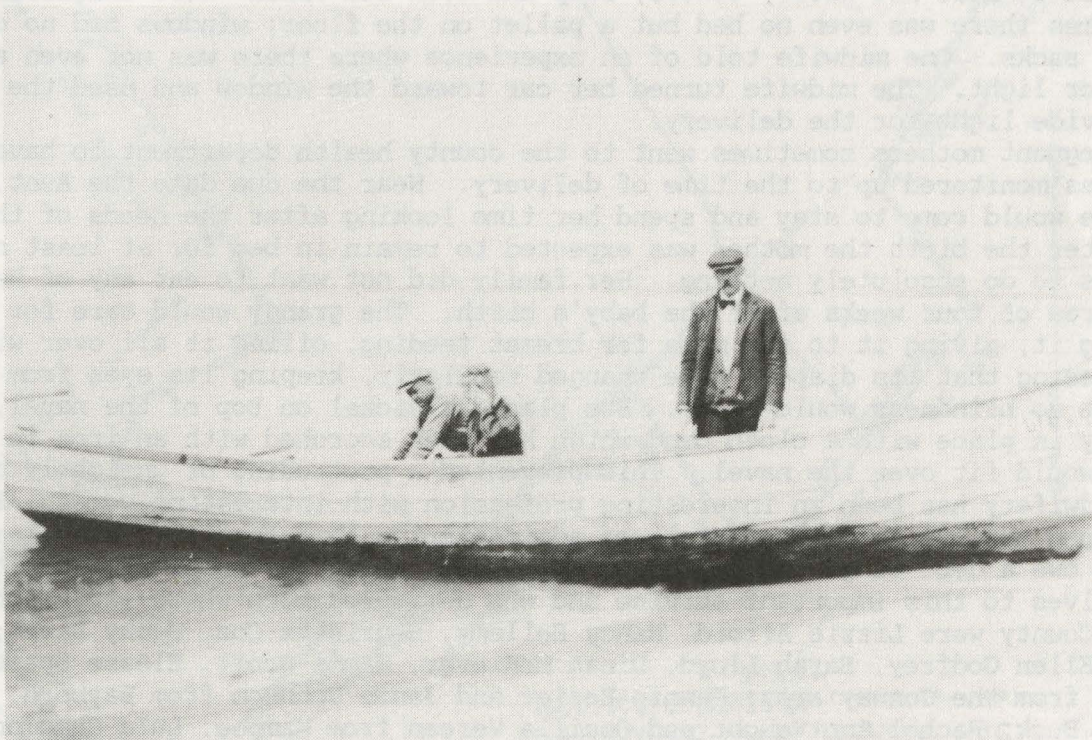
On the southeastern corner in a brick building was the grocery story of Frank Green. Across the street on the southwestern corner was Buck Motor Company, the Ford dealership.

Going up Laurel, on the eastern side behind the Third Avenue stores was a livery stable which was replaced by small store buildings. The Post Office was again relocated into the one which was at Platt's Alley corner. A wooden tobacco warehouse with brick facing, the Brick Warehouse, was on the northern side of the alley extending back to about midblock.

North of the warehouse was Conway Bargain House, A. C. Thompson, prop., George H. Martin, manager. Its building abutted the J. E. Nicholas store on the corner.

The principal businesses on the west side of Laurel were Horry Tobacco Warehouse (Laurel and Fourth) and the livery stables of W. R. (Bill) Lewis and of Jenkins & Richardson (G. B. Jenkins and W. L. Richardson, owners). On the west side of Laurel below the warehouse was a small frame building in which Bill Smith ran a newsstand, including a daily delivery and weekly collection service by his son Leon. In later years 'Little Joe' Sarkis ran a fishmarket along this side of the street. (Betty Sarkis Huggins and her husband Garvin have a collection of billheads, tokens and scrip from old Conway businesses.)

Just outside the business area covered by this confusing account in a brick building at the corner of Third and Elm W. R. Lewis operated a general store and the Conway Coca Cola Bottling Company. He owned considerable acreage thereabout --on some of which the present Horry County Courthouse stands.



One of the early boats used for deep-sea fishing at Murrell's Inlet, circa 1915.



## BLACK MIDWIFERY SINCE 1930 IN HORRY COUNTY

By Etrulia P. Dozier

"It gave me great satisfaction to work with healthy mothers, who gave birth to healthy babies. I never lost a baby in all my years of service, from 1936 until 1966," Mrs. Janie Johnson, a long time midwife in Horry County said. This aptly sums up the goal of black midwives.

A midwife has helped many a mother and child through labor and delivery to good health before and since 1930. Midwives have rendered a very valuable service in black communities in this county, as well as throughout South Carolina. Midwifery has been a unique trade of a group of special women who helped women and their children to survive labor and delivery under adverse health conditions, with few tools, limited training, and often no monetary reward. Their service deserves special attention and recognition.

To a great extent midwives learned the trade on their own, both before and in the 1930s. An interest in it led younger women to follow older midwives around to learn their methods. As the years passed a few midwives received more formal training at special clinics that were required by county health departments. Some midwives went to Beaufort, Columbia, or Frogmore to workshops. Mrs. Janie Johnson received her training and certification from South Carolina State College in 1936.

The midwives took whatever compensation was offered: a promise to pay, a chicken or two, a bag of sweet potatoes, a bunch of collards, a mess of peas, okra or green beans or butterbeans. Occasionally, if they were lucky, compensations could be \$15.00, \$25.00 or \$35.00.

There were times when midwives went to a home so poor that the basics--a wash pan, a kettle to heat hot water, towels, soap and even bed linen--were unavailable. Sometimes there was even no bed but a pallet on the floor; windows had no curtains but crocus sacks. One midwife told of an experience where there was not even a kerosene lamp for light. The midwife turned her car toward the window and used the headlights to provide light for the delivery.

Pregnant mothers sometimes went to the county health department to have their progress monitored up to the time of delivery. Near the due date the Aunt, Granny, or Midwife would come to stay and spend her time looking after the needs of the mother.

After the birth the mother was expected to remain in bed for at least nine days. She was to do absolutely nothing. Her family did not want to eat any of her cooking for three or four weeks after the baby's birth. The granny would care for the baby: bathing it, giving it to its mama for breast feeding, oiling it all over with baby oil, seeing that its diapers were changed regularly, keeping its eyes from any light, so that no blindness would occur. She placed a nickel on top of the navel, holding it tightly in place with a cloth band which had been scorched with an iron in the spot which would fit over the navel. This prevented a protruding or unsightly navel.

Midwifery has been an interesting profession with interesting women. Each developed her own individual style of administering this service. Many healthy human beings owe a debt of gratitude to some midwife. Among the women who committed themselves to this important service and who delivered both white and black babies in Horry County were Lizzie Alford, Nancy Bellamy, Henrietta Cox, Dinky Davis, Elmeta Ford, Ellen Godfrey, Sarah Lloyd, Dinah McKiever, Naomi Scott, Elease Spain and Sarah Wilson from the Conway area; Fannie Bozier and Janie Johnson from Bayboro; Vivian Elliot Buck, Rachel Ann Vaught and Oscilla Vereen from Wampee; Lula Chadmon and Alma Phillips Sindab, Bucksport; Linda Dozier of Mt. Calvary and Shell; Hattie Fore of



Aynor; Irene Smalls McIntyre, Ellen Smalls, Hattie Richardson Smalls, and Rebecca Smalls of Burgess; and Julia Smalls of Toddville.

Mrs. Ophelia Lee, who lives in Conway, was very excited as she remembered one midwife after another. She recalled several of the women whom she knew personally. Mrs. Lee believes that these midwives were fine, committed women, who did more than help women deliver their babies. One of her friends, Henrietta Cox, save her husband's life when he had a second bout with a severe case of pneumonia. It was so severe that Mr. Lee had given up. She specifically recalls the concoction her friend mixed up: Sloan's Liniment, spirits of turpentine, dry mustard, corn meal and tallow. She heated the mixture and spread it on a piece of wool flannel as a poultice plaster and put it across Mr. Lee's chest. It healed him. In Mrs. Lee's opinion that lady was a midwife plus.

The writer was delivered by a midwife in Anderson, SC--Aunt Matilda Smith. I never knew Aunt Matilda, but I am grateful to her. The women mentioned here and to others unnamed deserve to be remembered for their skills and compassion.

#### Can you help?

I am searching Horry Co. for the following records:

- 1) Any and all references to the Durant family and allied lines.
- 2) Information on the following:

Ann Cartier married a Tillman. She married secondly a Singleton. Ann Cartier Tillman Singleton died in Williamsburg Co. in the home of her granddaughter (mentioned below) between 1850-1865. She was over 100 when she died.

Ann Cartier Tillman's daughter, Mary Ann Tillman, married a Mr. Covan. Mr. Covan died shortly after the birth of his only child, Elizabeth, born 1800. Mary Ann remarried a Noah Rogers. (marriage bond dated 25 Oct 1803 in Horry Co. - Noah Rogers & Mary Covan).

Elizabeth Covan married James Marion Grier of Georgetown and Williamsburg Co., S.C..

If you know of anyone doing similar research, or any leads which I might follow, I would greatly appreciate knowing about it!

Please contact: Melissa Wyndham Ballentine

472 Wimbledon Drive

Charleston, SC 29412

I seek information on the parents of Elly/Eli Hughes (wife, Nancy - maiden name unknown). They lived in the Buck Creek/Camp Swamp area of Horry Co., S.C., at the time of the 1880 Federal Census until death ca. 1900. Known children were son, Eli/Major; daughters Nancy and Frances. All of the above were born in South Carolina. Where were they prior to 1880?

Please contact: Charles E. Hughes

548 Palmetto Dr.

Melbourne, FL 32935



[The following article appeared in the Charleston News and Courier in 1890. The clipping did not include the remainder of the date, but this front page feature was datelined February 18. We are indebted to Evelyn Snider for submitting this valuable article.--ed.]

#### THE HAPPY LAND OF HORRY.

##### WHERE THE SCUPPERNONG GROWS AND THE HEALTH-GIVING PINE.

A Sketch of One of the Most Resourceful and Least Developed Counties in the State  
- Chances for Making Fortunes awaiting the Enterprising Immigrant from Other Places -  
A Pleasanter Climate than Florida - More Money-making Opportunities than in Oklahoma.

Conway, February 18.--Special: As in the most familiar works of the masters we frequently find sources of fresh enjoyment and see new meanings in oft-repeated phrases, so in many localities, long since described by historians and geographers, we often discover beauties and resources which have been overlooked and find uses for many things which always have been considered useless. Particularly is this the case with undeveloped sections. It appears from their published works that geographers are but as other men. They see only what has been accomplished and are blind to new possibilities. In short, they tell us very few things that we do not know already. I venture the assertion that newspapers and travellers have given the American people a hundred times more information about their own country than all the geographies which have been published since the first Columbus celebration, under the auspices of the red men, took place near the present site of this Republic. What do the geographies tell one about this section? Practically nothing. If you will have the goodness to refer to a map you will see that Conway is represented in a convention of the towns of the State, so to speak, by a dot. Now there is not much individuality about a dot--no more than there is about the average "true-true" representative. But around the particular dot which stands for Conway you will observe a great many little characters which bears striking resemblance to miniature Indian head-dresses. This would seem to indicate that the red man was a factor in the local race question. By reference to the key, however, it appears that this profusion of antique head gear means that these parts are covered with swamps. If you refer to the text for any information you will be disappointed, for there is not a line about Horry County.

In the histories it is not much better. There you will probably ascertain how many battles a gallant soldier fought and how many conventions a prominent member attended, but such small and unimportant matters as the building of vessels, the improvement of the land and the erection of mills are entirely ignored. But we have only to do with the present, and casual mention of a few things of the past is made only that the reader may measure recent progress.

#### THE SITE OF CONWAY.

Conway, the site of Horry County, stands on a high bluff on the west side of Waccamaw River, about fifty miles above Georgetown, at the mouth of Lake Kingston. There is not elsewhere in the lower part of the State a more beautiful site for a town. The Waccamaw is one of the prettiest and most important streams in the low country, and the waters are so pure that vessels going to sea ascend it to fill their water casks. The cause of this purity is found at the river's source, which is in the highlands of North Carolina.

Standing at the wharves here, where the trains run down to the water's edge, one enjoys several lovely views. To the south and west is the river, a broad and placid



stream. On one side rises the bluff, covered with trees and plants of the temperate zone, while on the other the eye loses itself in a swamp, where the vegetation flourishes in tropical vigor and luxuriance. In the spring there is a wealth of radiance and color. The air is vibrant with the songs of birds, and redolent with the exquisite perfume of flowers innumerable. Here one may revel in all that goes to make Southern life so delicious. Nature has been prodigal with her rarest charms.

There is on every hand an infinitude of variety, and deep draughts of enjoyment intoxicate every sense. North of the wharves the lake stretches for several hundred yards before it bends. At its mouth there is a draw-bridge almost Venetian in delicacy of structure. A little further up, a grove of giant live oaks crown the bank, and at the bend there is a pretty residence and a mill. Viewed from the wharves, all this forms a charming tout ensemble.

#### HORRY'S WAKING UP.

The country around here was originally an unbroken pine forest, and only a small portion has yet been cleared. The soil is light, and is especially suitable for truck farming and grape culture. The scuppernong grows wild here in many places. As several residents have remarked to me, it is so easy to live here that the people have grown lazy. But this is only according to the general law--that where nature does much man does very little. This, however, only applies to a primitive state, where the population is sparse and the people have a very limited knowledge of the artificial wants of civilization. Now that this section has been opened to the world every resource has a value, and every advantage will find appreciation. But, before considering in detail the advantages and resources of this section it is necessary to look upon the place in its isolation and its gradual emergence therefrom, for in this will be found the causes of the lack of development which surprise the stranger.

Where in the whole country will you find another county seat which is not incorporated? Public opinion is the only director of municipal affairs in this town, if it is not too much to say that there are any municipal affairs. While this speaks well for the fraternal spirit of the inhabitants and the influence of the Gospel, it does not indicate much advancement on worldly lines. Thus it is through the county--the Golden Rule is more potent than the laws of the land. Some years ago a correspondent of The News and Courier called Horry "The Hermit County." It was a very appropriate sobriquet. If the county was hermit like in its isolation it was equally so in the rectitude of conduct which prevailed among its population. To-day one may find throughout the county many houses whose welcoming doors are never barred by locks, and many barns without any doors at all. Is not this as worthy a source of pride as costly structures and the veneer of social refinement?

Until the fall of 1887 there was no railway connection with this place. Immediately after the war a small steamer began to come here occasionally. Irregular communication continued until 1870, when all boats ceased to visit this place. Two vessels came as far as Pott's Bluff, ten miles below here. Freight had to be carried to and from that place on lighters, which were poled. It sometimes took a week to make this trip of ten miles. This deplorable state of affairs continued until 1875, when a small tug began trading by lighters with this place. These lighters were vessels, wharves, ware houses and shops combined. They were roofed with canvas, counters and shelves were improvised, and when they came up to the wharves the clerks were in their places ready to serve customers.

In 1880 the trade had grown to such an extent that three vessels were trading between Pott's Bluff and New York regularly, and extra vessels were put on in the turpentine season. In 1878 Messrs Burroughs & Collins had laid the foundation for the present line of steamers by purchasing The Juniper. About this time Capt. T. W.



Daggett, the present Government contractor for river improvements for this section, put on the J. M. Cook. Four or five years later the Maggie was built, and a short time later the Ruth and Driver were put on. The Maggie, Driver and Ruth form the present line of steamers between this place and Georgetown. Vessels come as far as Bucksport where there is the largest lumber mill in the State, and a mail steamer makes a trip there three times a week.

#### OPPORTUNITIES FOR FURTHER PROGRESS.

It will be seen from the above that the trade of this section has grown steadily and rapidly since the war. In 1874 there was not a steam gin in the county--only two horse-power gins and two water gins. The whole county produced only 75 bales of cotton.

7,920 bales of cotton, at \$45.....	\$ 386,400
98,460 barrels of rosin and tar, at \$1.50.....	147,690
16,410 barrels spirits of turpentine, at \$25.....	410,250
8,200,000 feet lumber and timber.....	123,000
200,000 shingles, at \$6 per thousand.....	1,200
11,500 barrels clean rice, at \$15.....	172,500
131,500 bushels rough rice, at \$1.25.....	164,375
Hides, honey, poultry, fruit, etc.....	20,000
	<u>\$1,395,415</u>
20,300 tons inward freight, at \$45.....	913,500
Total.....	<u>\$2,308,915</u>

This is only what has been done. There is practically no limit to what may be accomplished. Doubtless for many years to come the naval stores trade and the lumber business will be the principal industry. Heretofore the lumbermen have confined themselves almost exclusively to the making of yellow pine lumber and cypress shingles. Where there is great room yet for development in the latter industry, the field that offers the greatest advantages to the enterprising capitalist is the manufacture of hard woods. He would have the option of a rail or water route to the North. There is an abundance of white labor here, which can be employed at half the price paid for labor at the North.

This is unquestionably "a white man's country." At the last election the voting was as follows: whites, 2,502; negroes, 866. A third of the negro vote was cast with the whites. In other words, one-third of the people who, according to certain Republican Senators, live in a constant fear of being butchered, vote to maintain Democratic rule. I lay particular stress on the fact of the supremacy of the whites in this section, because it is a well-known fact that the negroes have been an obstacle in the way of immigration. In 1880 the total white population of the county was 10,639; negroes, 4,935. Since then the negro population has decreased about 25 per cent by emigration to Georgia and Western States. During the same period the white population has increased about 25 per cent from natural causes, and influx of immigrants from Marion, Marlboro and Williamsburg counties, where the "No fence" law proved onerous to many of the people engaged in stock-raising.

#### HORRY'S FINANCIAL CONDITION.

While upon this subject it may be as well to quote a few figures to show the condition of the county. The only debt of the county is that of \$37,000, which was voted by four townships to the Wilmington, Chadbourne and Conway Railroad. The current expense account of the county is smaller than that of any other county in the State. The total expenses for the year amount to about \$5,500. The criminal docket is lighter than that of any other county, the General Sessions lasting but two days,



and the jail is frequently empty. When it is remembered that there are no municipal ordinances to violate, and that the sheriff has charge of all criminals, one perceives the full significance of the facts which have just been stated.

#### A FINE CLIMATE.

There are no statistics as to the health of any portion of the State, save the larger cities, which have their own laws on the matter, but, if one may offer the evidence of competent and credible physicians, it can be easily proven that the rate of mortality for this county is as low as that of any section of the South. There are not, probably, half a dozen consumptives in the whole county. The mild climate and the terebinthine odors from the pine forests are the causes of this.

Now that it has been shown that there is nothing in the population or climate which is unfavorable to the investment of large amounts of capital, we will examine further the county's resources.

#### RESOURCES OF FOREST, FIELD AND MINE.

There are thousands of acres of land, worth \$2 or \$3 an acres, which would grow numerous varieties of vegetables or grapes. On every hand there is an abundance of small woods of every variety. For thirty or forty miles along the river above here there are beds of the finest marl, and along the lake there is any quantity of lime rock. Under the marl beds there are phosphate deposits, which have been declared valuable by competent experts. A few miles down the river there are old salt works, which were very profitable before the war. By solar evaporation salt can be made for 15 cents a bushel, in large quantities. At Little River and Murrell's Inlet, near the coast, there are beds of fine oysters, where canning works would doubtless pay well. Coral reefs run parallel with the coast at a distance of three miles. Between the reefs and the coast there is deep water, where fish abound. There are already in operation several extensive fisheries.

#### COMING MANUFACTORIES.

A movement is on foot for the establishment of a cotton factory. This project is supported by some of the most influential men in the county, and will doubtless succeed. The establishment of this factory means a great deal to both the town and county--probably more to the county. It is very necessary to turn the attention of the people to new enterprises, and to show them that a greater prosperity may be had from new pursuits than from the old ones. Now there is nothing to keep money in the county. All manufactured goods are purchased at the North. The question arises: "What is to be done when the naval store supply is exhausted, when the pine forests are destroyed?" These are being sent away each year, and nothing is derived from their sale but the necessities of life. A stimulus to agriculture is necessary. Money should be kept in the country as far as possible, and the rising generation should find employment at home. Further, it goes without saying that if this factory is satisfactorily established, other manufacturing industries will follow, and soon some of all the various kinds of raw material at hand will be utilized by local factories.

#### NEED OF A GOOD HOTEL.

But, much as this factory is needed, I think a fine hotel is needed more. In attractions for Northern tourists this section easily surpasses every other in the State. Shooting of every kind, boating and fishing would be right at the door of a hotel here. Every kind of game, from partridges to deer, abounds. The lake and river teem with all sorts of fish, and in winter good ducking can always be had. A



turnpike road of twelve miles length would give access to the ocean, where there is as fine a beach as there is in the country. What is lacking? People go in thousands every year to Florida to get what abounds here. This section has one advantage--that of climate. While the air is balmy here it is not enervating. You will ask, perhaps, "If there is such a bonanza in a fine hotel, why don't these people build one?" I must give you the musty answer: "Because they haven't the capital." But wait a moment. There are two capitalists who are willing to put their money into a hotel, but their other interests are so large that they cannot give the matter their undivided attention. They are Mr. B. G. Collins and Mr. J. H. Chadbourne, Jr., the genial and enterprising superintendent of the Wilmington, Chadbourne and Conway Railroad. Mr. Collins has large mercantile and shipping interests, which require all of his time, and Mr. Chadbourne is largely interested in cotton factories and the lumber trade. But both of these gentlemen are anxious to subscribe for the stock of a company that would build a first-class hotel, and are willing to take a majority of the stock. This looks like business, doesn't it? This is certainly a golden opportunity for an enterprising hotel man. The table can be supplied for a mere song, so to speak, from the fields and dairies about here, while the great stock ranges of the lower part of the country would furnish superb beef. If seeing is believing, the best thing that these people can do to advertise their many resources is to bring people to look at them.

#### THE HOSPITALITY OF HORRY.

There is not a more kindly or hospitable people than the citizens of this town. They are ready to welcome all who wish to join in the development of the place. Old foggism is dying out rapidly before modern ideas and modern methods.

#### EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES.

In educational and religious advantages Conway is the equal of many of her more fortunate sisters. About fifteen years ago the Burroughs High School was founded by Mr. F. G. Burroughs, of Burroughs and Collins. To-day it will compare favorably with any high school in the State. It is a two-story building, with a large recitation room, music rooms, and sleeping apartments for students. In mathematics the course extends through plane geometry, and in Latin through Caesar and Virgil. Mr. J. H. Dysinger is the principal, and Miss Effie Burroughs is his assistant. Miss Mary E. Pearce has charge of the music department.

In the school building is the Burroughs Library, which was founded for the use of the town. It contains five hundred volumes of choice literature. "Trash" finds no place in its bookcases.

#### THE PROFESSIONS

are represented as follows: Lawyers--Johnson & Quattlebaum, Thos. F. Gillespie and R. F. Scarborough. Physicians--C. Norton, A. H. J. Galbreith and P. K. Bethea.

#### THE BUSINESS HOUSES

are Burroughs & Collins, F. P. Cammack, J. A. Mayo, M. B. Beaty, W. K. Lewis and \_\_\_\_\_ Dusenbury.

#### THE RAILROAD HOTEL,

Mr. H. Hardee, proprietor, is one of the best kept little houses in the State. If you ever come here give it a trail, and my word for it you will not regret it.



## THE HORRY HERALD

is under the management of Dr. E. Norton. It is not only one of the most progressive little sheets in the State editorially, but its "make-up", if you will pardon a technicality, displays considerable enterprise.

## OTHER MATTERS.

The Masons and Knights of Honor have flourishing lodges and the former own a handsome little hall.

I cannot better summarize than by reproducing from the Horry Herald the following:

"Only a few years ago we were completely isolated from the world, comparatively unknown beyond our borders and ignorant of the ways and manner of living of our nearest neighbors, with nothing ahead of us to encourage or impell us to greater efforts. We were content to live as our fathers before us had lived, struggling along in darkness and eking out an existence of a precarious and uncertain kind. Then came the revolution in the shape of the railroad, and with its advent new life seemed to be infused into us.

Verily, there is no time like the present for investment here. The people are thoroughly aroused to the necessity of new enterprises, and anyone who will assist them in the development of their great resources will find a welcome with every opportunity and gratitude mingled with profit.

--John I. Green

The following note was found at the end of a catalog of Pisgah Methodist Church Cemetery, which was done by Timothy Skipper in 1969 for Laura Q. Jordan's class.

"I talked with my grandfather, Jesse Byrd James, about the causes of some of these people's deaths. He said pneumonia was a major killer in Horry County in the years prior to 1910. It killed two of his brothers and two sisters. If you would like to refer to them, their parents were Francis Asbury and Rosa James. An epidemic of flu came through this area in 1918, and for remedies people used poltices and salves. Typhoid fever was also a common killer because of the use of open wells and springs. Victims of this awful fever usually laid flat on their backs for two months. The remedy for this was partial starvation. Patients were not given any solid food, but were given gruel and broth in very small amounts.

My grandfather told me of a man who laid in bed for two months and received hardly enough food to live on. He was so weak and feverish that the people were afraid to move him because he might die. He also said his garment was never changed during these two months and that a piece of it had grown into his back. The man miraculously recovered and was as spry as ever. People (doctors) learned to give people with typhoid fever more food when Dr. James Norton of Conway, my grandfather's family physician, contracted it. He was hospitalized in Florence and given enough food and recovered quickly to return to Conway to stop the starvation cure. Thereafter, cases were milder and length of illness decreased. (Reference, Jesse Byrd James, Rt. 1, Galivants Ferry)"



This index page was left out of A. Goff Bedford's book, A Survey History Of Horry County, SC.

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